

THE NUR AF' SHAN

Vol. VIII

FRIDAY:—December 16th, 1904.

No. 51.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Dec. 7.

Reuter's Tokio correspondent says that there was another five hours' armistice at Port Arthur yesterday, the Russians desiring to remove their dead.

The Japanese have occupied Akasaka Hill.

Subsequent to taking Akasaka the Japanese captured two other hills near Itshan.

The *Pollux* has been sunk, the *Retvian* is listing badly, and the *Byan* is stranded.

The Japanese bombardment of Port Arthur harbour was continued yesterday. Many shots took effect. The *Peresviet* was ignited and the *Retvian* apparently sunk. The *Pobieda* is listing to starboard.

Reuter's Mukden correspondent says that there was tremendous cannonading yesterday morning around Putiloff Hill and railway from six guns, of which the number is constantly increasing, which, it is supposed, portends an important development.

The Russian correspondents at Mukden constantly refer to the activity of the Chunchuses, who are now well organised and under the famous leader Tullian. They are especially directing their attempts to exploding bridges on the railway.

A *Daily Mail* telegram from St. Petersburg states that the Tsar yesterday issued a decree for the despatch of a third squadron not the Black Sea squadron.

London, Dec. 8.

Later news from Port Arthur states that the *Peresviet* has sunk, the *Retvian* is nearly submerged, the *Pobieda*'s stern walk is submerged, and the *Pallada* is slightly sinking astern. The *Svostopol* also appears to be sinking, and the *Byan* is on fire.

Reuter's Chifu correspondent says that a steamer reports that she saw a strong Japanese squadron outside Port Arthur, and it is believed the entire fleet is now there.

Reuter's correspondent before Port Arthur visited 203 Metre Hill at the close of the week's struggle, and describes the scene as awful. The crest of the hill is torn away and the trenches semi obliterated. In a single section of a hundred yards of the trenches there were two hundred Russian dead and wounded, horribly mangled by dynamite and hand-grenades.

General Nogi's second son was killed at 203 Metre Hill. The elder son was killed at Nanshan. He is therefore, now childless.

The headquarters at Tokio have published a further list of 36 officers killed and 58 wounded, presumably at Port Arthur.

The *Pallada* is on fire, the *Gilyak* and *Amur* have sunk, and the *Byan* is still burning.

The *Prokietel*, which had to put into Brest, has been repaired, and has proceeded on her voyage.

A third Russian squadron starts for the Far East early in January.

London, Dec. 9.

News from Port Arthur states that the *Pallada* has sunk and is partly submerged. The *Gilyak* is listing heavily and apparently resting on its bottom. The *Svostopol* has gone to the outer roadstead to escape the bombardment.

The Japanese cruiser *Sekiyu*, which was bombarding Port Arthur on the 30th ultimo, struck a Russian mine and sunk. Thirty eight of the crew were drowned.

London, Dec. 12.

General Nogi reports that apart from the battleship *Svostopol* and

some destroyers which are sheltering outside, the Russian fleet is completely disabled and further bombardment of the ships is needless. The Japanese are now shelling the town of Port Arthur and inflicting heavy damage.

The bombardment of Port Arthur has considerably damaged the wireless telegraph station at Golden Hill and ignited the arsenal.

Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent says it is estimated that fifty students were wounded in yesterday's rioting. The riots were organised by revolutionary Socialists, and not by Liberal reformers.

Another demonstration is expected on Tuesday, when the trial of M. de Flohre's assassin begins.

A *Standard* telegram from St. Petersburg says that a high Court official, being interviewed, said that the rioting at St. Petersburg was nothing compared to the situation in the provinces, where, besides the excesses of Reservists at Vitebsk and elsewhere, the peasantry were revolting against the Government at Ekaterinovsk, Kazan and Saratoff. He added that the Court was anxious concerning the issue of the tremendous struggle for reform by Prince Mirski and the reactionary Grand Dukes, and he believed, that Prince Mirski would win.

The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales have contributed six hundred guineas to Rev. Long's scheme for relieving the unemployed in London, for which the Lord Mayor has opened a fund.

The Anglo-American arbitration treaty was signed at Washington to-day.

Colonel Younghusband, being interviewed, said that there was every prospect of a thriving trade between India and Tibet, as the Tibetans are a nation of shopkeepers. He was happy to say the mission had left no traces of race animosity.

London, Dec. 13.

The publication in Russia of the news of the destruction of the Port Arthur fleet (hitherto unknown except to a small circle) has created consternation, and Admiral Rozhdestvensky's mission is now regarded as foredoomed to disaster.

Admiral Rozhdestvensky, with twenty one Baltic ships, has arrived at Mossamedes.

A crowd of students re-assembled yesterday at St. Petersburg with the intention of renewing the demonstrations, but dispersed on the approach of the police.

The North Sea commission will probably meet on the 20th instant to choose a fifth Admiral and decide the procedure, and the real work will begin in January.

The *Standard* says that the question of reinforcements being possibly needed from Home to defend our Indian frontier is under discussion. Lord Kitchener's available force at present is 276,000 regulars, of whom it is computed that 196,700 are mobilisable and 60,000 sendable to the frontiers. As it may be assumed that the enemy's strength would be half a million a considerable augmentation will be required, and it has been suggested that the auxiliaries might be called upon to furnish during three months following the declaration of war thirty thousand drafts for garrison duty. Some attempt will be made shortly to increase the Indian army reserve for war purposes.

Calcutta, Dec. 13.

There was another full dress ceremonious function at Government House this morning, when Lord Curzon was formally reappointed Governor-General at 11 o'clock in his Council Chamber. The scene was a brilliant and impressive one, the room being a mass of brilliant uniforms and colours. The commission from the King was read by Mr. H. H. Risley, the Home Secretary. Lord Curzon being accompanied in procession from the Throne Room to the Council Chamber by his Staff and the Members of Council. The proceedings did not take more than ten minutes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
Nor be afraid."—Robert Browning.

The closing of the year brings us the sad news of the death of one who for 38 years exercised a helpful influence upon the religious and intellectual life of North India. The Rev. W. J. P. Morrison, the eldest son of the late Rev. J. H. Morrison D. D., passed away after a long and wearisome illness at Wooster, Ohio, U. S. A., on the 18th of October. He had hoped to recover his health so as to be able to return to India again but it was not the Lord's will. Mr. Morrison was never a strong man physically, but was a man of untiring energy and one who never spared himself when there was duty to be performed. Arriving in India in 1865, he was called to teach in the Christian College at Lahore. Thence he went to Amballa Cantonments, and later on to Dehra Doon. During his whole life he gave himself to evangelistic and pastoral work for Europeans, a class much neglected even yet. His success in this line was very great. Along with this work he usually had charge of some educational institution and the supervision of Indian preachers, having had for many years the sole charge of the Amballa Cantonment and Dehra Stations. He was always a man of a strong mind, an independent thinker and a hater of every species of sham and insincerity. He leaves behind him four children and a host of friends who mourn his absence.

Mr. Morrison was a man who was a warm advocate of Presbyterian Union in India as his father was before him. We had hoped to do honour to him at the meetings of the Presbyterian Alliance. We extend to his relatives and children our sympathy in their sore bereavement.

The Indian Church has also suffered a serious loss in the death of Miss Ellen Lewis, the sister of the late George Lewis, late Divisional Judge at Ambala, who passed away on Dec. 2nd at Firozepore after a long and painful illness. Twenty-five years ago she began work for the Master as a voluntary teacher in the Zenanas of Ludhiana. During the later years of her life, she was active in the Sunday School work and did much to aid the work of the Sunday School Union in the Panjab of which she was for a time Honorary Treasurer. In more recent years, ill health made active work impossible. She will be greatly missed because of her sterling Christian character. Her Christian life was an

object lesson for all who knew her. Her aged mother, her relatives and friends have much to comfort them in the assurance that she has entered into the presence of her glorified Lord.

The editor of this paper had the privilege of revisiting the city of Firozepore after a lapse of 33 years. Then the town seemed like a large village with an English Cantonment some distance away. The only Christians in the town and district was an Indian preacher, the Rev. Isa Charan, who with his family had recently been stationed at this centre.

Going back to Firozepore at the end of a third of a century we found a flourishing Mission with an organized Church, which has for its pastor the Rev. P. K. Sirkar, B. A., with Râe Maya Dass E. A. C. as senior elder and a congregation of considerable influence in the city and community at large. A stately Mission house with two European Missionaries, Dr. F. J. Newton Mrs. Newton and Rev. J. N. Hyde and two lady Missionaries, Mrs. Forman and Miss Maud. Allen M. D., the latter being in charge of a large Hospital for women and children. In the City, Dr. F. J. Newton has a Dispensary with an Indian assistant. In the District there are many Christians scattered among the towns and villages. These are some of the signs of the advance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in this place, which assure us that the truth is being recognized by the people and that the day will come when the triumph will be complete. It is by this observing the results of Missionary labour after the lapse of a number of years that its real power and growth can best be appreciated.

The growth of the city and cantonment of Firozepore has also been very marked. Firozepore now stands as not only one of the most important Military Stations in North India but the city has become the centre of a great Railway System with an ever rising importance as a commercial centre, having direct communication by rail with all the principal seaports of India. These circumstances point to the responsibility of the Christian Church at Firozepore, which may in future days and years send out streams of influence to all parts of the land.

The report of a terrible case of poisoning at Burhanpur, in which it is said that the entire family of Dr. Benjamin was poisoned during his absence from home, seems to want confirmation, at least in some particulars. The Doctor is said to be a missionary connected with the American Episcopal church. We do not find the name in the latest missionary directory and Burhanpur is not mentioned as a station of the American Episcopal mission. No doubt the facts will be made clear later. The case is one of dreadful character, in which an innocent wife and children are made the victims of a malice directed against the husband and father. It is to be hoped the perpetrators will be punished.

A DAY'S WORK IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

One very hot July day in 1839 my senior associate, Dr. Goodell, sent one of his children to my house in the early morning to say that three or four American travellers were at Raboli's hotel, and he wanted me and my wife to accompany them, with his family, to Kvat Hane, the Turkish picnic grounds, where, it being Friday, the Moslem families were out in force. Wife replied, "The heat will be intense to-day. I should only get a bad headache, and you must go without me." But I declined, and sent word to Dr. Goodell.

We then both went into our study, with our Armenian teacher, intent upon learning the Armenian language and thus becoming able to hold communication with the people.

About 11 o'clock we became weary of the aspirates and gutturals; and I dismissed the teacher, took a little package of Italian Testaments and started for the Galata Custom-house, where I might find Italian sailors or boatmen. They were sometimes delighted to get the forbidden book. I hoped that in this way some light might penetrate the dark dominions of the "Man of Sin;" or guide the sailor to Him who is "the Way, the Truth, the Life."

As I entered the narrow street bounded on one side by the high wall of the Galata Custom-house I saw it blocked by a crowd who seemed intent upon something against the wall. A wretched sailor, cast out from an English vessel at anchor near by, was lying there, like a beast, dying of cholera, and the stupid crowd was looking on to see him die! Some pitying soul, in answer to his cry for water, had given him a large jug, out of which he was trying every few moments to slake his insatiate thirst—which only increased his trouble.

I said to him, "Do you speak English?" Turning upon me a look of indescribable pain and despair, he replied "Yes!" with an oath. "Are you English, or an American?" "An American," with another oath. Profanity had become his most familiar language; and the expressions first used seemed almost harmless compared with the more God-defying blasphemies that afterward slipped from his mouth.

There was an Italian sailors' boarding-house near by. I tried in vain, by the offer of money, to induce some of the Custom-house hamals to carry him thither. This they refused to do, although they are the customary ambulances for the sick. At length two noble negro sailors stepped forth, and said, "We'll take the poor devil, and we don't want no pay!" They were Jamaica negroes, from an English vessel lying near the Custom-house. One took him on his back and the other took his bag of clothing. We were rejected at the boarding-house and went directly to the English Marine hospital, not far off.

The doctor here said he was forbidden to receive any American sailor. "You must get a permit from Consul Cartwright before I can allow him even to be brought in."

I left him under the shade of a tree in the court, and climbed with all possible speed the height of Pera. But here too I was unsuccessful, and I turned away, utterly nonplussed, till I thought of an Italian boatman Nicola, whom I had employed as a nurse to an American friend, and I resolved to carry the sick man to Nicola's boat-house.

Nicola let us place him in his bunk; no cooler or better place could be found for him for the present. The faithful Jamaicans agreed to stay by him until I could bring Dr. Stamatiades, who was the American Consul's physician for all consular cases. To my consternation, his wife told me he had gone to a certain place on the main street of Pera!

The heat was oppressive but I was in for it—and this poor sailor must have help soon, or never!

I was mounting the hill again when, before reaching the summit, I met another doctor, who was the very man for the case. It was Dr. Riach, a Scotch Physician, on his way home from India and Persia, and of long experience in all forms of cholera.

I took him immediately to the sailor, as an imperious case of humanity. "A doubtful case," he said after examination; "but I will give you a prescription, which you will administer so and so. For nourishment, a little well-cooked rice-water. Leave no water near him except what may be allowed as a gargle. That is all I would do till morning."

I went immediately to a druggist near by, who had, as I knew, a high reputation as a trained and skilful chemist.

He positively refused to make up the prescription. "It would kill any man—yes, two well men!" I told him as positively that it was not his business to judge of the prescription, but to make it up, and as quickly as possible; which he proceeded to do, and I to administer it.

I then went for Dr. Stamatiades, and found him at home. He had engaged, by order of the consul, an excellent room near his house, and a kind-hearted elderly Greek woman as nurse to any patient he might have there. Of this arrangement I then became aware for the first time. Thither Brown was transported by the faithful Jamaicans and placed upon a comfortable cot; and my day's work was done.

The next morning he was very weak, but conscious that he was treated with wonderful kindness. It was some days before the typhoid symptoms gave way, then appetite returned, and his recovery was rapid. Mrs. Hamlin was skilful in preparing dietary foods, and took great interest in sending him something every day.

His unexpected rescue from dying the death of a Turkish dog, and the kindness which provided every possible comfort for him, day and night, were strange to him. He confessed the great goodness and forbearance of God in not cutting him off in his sins. He had lived a very wicked life, and had been growing worse and worse. He had a Christian mother, but he ran away when twelve years old and had been most of the time at sea, in the worst company; spending all his wages in drunkenness and debauchery at every port, and then shipping again for the same career. At the age of twelve he could read and write; but since then he had cared nothing for books. He could spell out a sentence, but he could not read a chapter understandingly.

In a few weeks he regained his strength and the doctor pronounced him a well man, but advised him strongly not to ship for a month or two. He seemed to us all a new man, physically, intellectually and spiritually. He had become a diligent, earnest, and delighted student of the word of God. We all, Hebard, Goodell, and myself, felt a strong conviction that this poor lost soul had become "a new man in Christ Jesus," and would stand in the day of trial. I gave him a Bible as his own—a gift from me to be his light and guide.

At length an American vessel came into port, and the Consul sent him in it to Boston.

He came to thank me and to say good-by. "God sent you, Mr. Hamlin, to save me. I have done all the evil I could in the world; and now I am going home to do all the good I can." I said to him, "Follow that course, Brown, and you will have a useful and happy life, and God will bless you! Good-by!" In the same way he took leave of Mr. Hebard, Mr. Goodell, and Mr. Dwight, who had just arrived from America, and had seen him only since his recovery.

So the poor sailor departed from us, a brother beloved, who a few weeks before was a bond-slave of Satan, in a state of the utmost misery and degradation.

A year passed, and we heard nothing of him. In the meantime, Mr. Calhoun, of the Bible Society, had gone home; and he wrote me that my long July day's work for Brown was not lost. He went into Father Taylor's meeting for sailors in Boston one Sunday evening. When Father Taylor got through he said, "If there is any sailor here who wants to pray, now's his chance." And a sailor bobbed up, right in the midst of the house, and broke out, "I thank Thee, O Lord, for the American missionaries! When I was dying, a blasphemous dog, in the streets of Constantinople, thou didst send thy servants, Hamlin, Hebard, and Goodell, to save me, soul and body! Since then I have been trying to serve thee, O Lord! and I pray for all the American Missionaries the wide world over. Amen!"

Mr. Calhoun failed to find him as the crowd dispersed. But to hear so much showed Brown to be on the right path.

Two years later (1842) I had a letter from him. He had learned to write a good hand, though his spelling was often phonetic. "Thank God I still survive thee!" He had suffered shipwreck on the Lakes, but was calm and resigned, for he found his feet standing on the Rock Christ Jesus. He was saved, he does not tell how, and the Bible I gave him was saved with him.

At a later date he says, "I have forsaken the Lakes, and I am now workin' and blowin' the Gospel trumpet on the Eri Canal." Dr. Goodell said, "Let me begin the reply to that letter," and sitting down he wrote,

"DEAR BROTHER BROWN: Blow away, brother, blow! Yours, in blowing the same Gospel trumpet. WM. GOODELL."

I completed the letter and sent it; whether he ever received it I do not know.

After this twenty-five years passed, and we heard nothing more of him. The intense interest, the anxieties and dangers of our work amid bitter persecutions and war displaced him from our thoughts. But he was brought to my mind in the following manner:

I was in Paris at the Grand Exposition of 1867. Two friends, William and Arthur Whittin of Whitinville, Mass., met me there, and invited me to dine with them at the Hotel Chatham, Rue St. Augustine. They had visited Constantinople.

At the *table d'hôte* were seated people of so many languages that every man talked with his friend as if they were alone. At the close of the dinner a gentleman sitting at my right turned to me and said, "I perceive, sir, that you have been in Constantinople." "Yes, sir; I left that city two weeks since." "While you were there, did you see or hear of one Dr. Cyrus Hamlin?—a D. D. or an M. D., I don't know which, but I think an M. D." I replied, "I am the person, sir, you are asking for."

"Well, I am fortunate to meet you here! I am direct from Honolulu; and there has been a sailor there, by the name of Brown, who told a wonderful story—how he was dying in the streets of Constantinople and you saved him. Now, how much of that is true, and how much is a sailor's yarn?"

"Why, the sailor, Brown!" I said. "I do remember him; but that was a long time ago. Do tell me all you know of him."

He gave him a very good character for usefulness among sailors. He could hardly believe Brown had been the degraded lost soul which he represented himself to have been.

He had left the Islands; if I wanted to know more of him, I must write to Mr. Damon, Seamen's Chaplain at Honolulu.

Mr. Damon replied that Mr. Brown was a remarkable man, frank, sincere, earnest, and of good common sense. He could go anywhere, among sailors of all nationalities. He carried them the Bible; and even if he did not understand their language he could point out to them chapters to be read and thought of. He had a room, and an afternoon prayer-meeting, in which he read the Scriptures and spoke some earnest words to those present. Sometimes dissolute men would come, and he could tell them he had been lower still, and the same almighty Saviour who had saved him could save them. He seemed to be a sort of self-appointed missionary to sailors, working at his own charges. But suddenly he left, and went to San Francisco. Mr. Damon had reason to think he died there.

I saw a man from San Francisco who would, I thought, know of him. He could not have lived long, he said, or he would have heard of him. So, in thought, we buried the interesting sailor on the Pacific Coast, and blessed God for all we knew of his useful and consecrated life after he was plucked as a brand from the burning.

But something more was to be known of him. Mr. Alden Speare, a well-known merchant of Boston, always deeply engrossed in business, took up a Michigan "Christian Advocate" of February 8, 1896, and read an account of this sailor, given to the editor "by Mr. Hamlin C. Brown, of Jackson, Mich., who is a son of the sailor." Mr. Speare sent the paper to me.

This was most surprising news. Brown did not die, nor even stop in San Francisco. He came home and settled down at Orden, Lenawee Co., Mich., where he died in 1861, twenty-two years after his rescue, leaving a son and a daughter, and maintaining his correct Christian life until the last. The Bible which I gave him he carried, and carefully used, those twenty-two years; and his son now holds it as a sacred memento of a sainted father. It gives evidence of sea-water, and he probably had it on his person in his shipwreck. He seems to have cherished the liveliest sense of gratitude, as the naming of his first-born after his deliverer shows.

In looking back upon this experience a number of points suggest a providential oversight:

1. Had not the objection of a probable headache been made that morning I would have gone to Kyat-Hane, and the poor sailor would have died on the street.
2. Had he been received into the Italian boarding-house he would have had little or no care.
3. Had he been received into the English Marine Hospital it is not probable that he would have had just that only treatment that would have saved his life.
4. Had I found Dr. Stamatiades Dr. Riach would not have been called.
5. When Dr. Riach and I met I was not seeking him, and he was intending to go elsewhere.
6. The divine intention was that we should go to the poor dying sailor together.
7. The knowledge and medical skill acquired in India were needed in this case. The prescription would "kill two well men," but it was needed to hit this disease on the head.
8. The quiet and retirement of a large room in a noiseless street were eminently favorable to the recovery of his health and the saving of his soul.

Finally: The compassionate wisdom of God, when it

would save a soul, chooses with the greatest delicacy and ease, interfering with no one's free action, those agents, agencies and environments which the Holy Spirit loves to use in recalling the wandering soul from the very brink of ruin, and introducing it to the liberty, service and glory of the children of God.

P. S. I have just learned that the last years of the rescued sailor's life were passed as a devout and useful evangelist in Lenawee Co., Mich (U. S. A.).

REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D. D.

THE PARDAH IN INDIA.

A meeting at the Cixton Hall on the above subject recently was a fairly well attended one. Major Sved Hassan Bilgrami occupied the chair, supported by Mr. Justice Amir Ali and Major General Dickson. A few lady sympathisers of the Aligarh movement, Mrs. Theodore Beck, Miss Beck, and Mrs. Arnold, were also present. The discussion was opened by Mr. Sultan Ahmad, Barrister-at-Law, reading a well written paper on the "Position of Women in India," with special reference to the condition of Musalman homes. His opinions were characterised by moderation and supporting, as he warmly did, the cause of female education, he yet held that so far the happiness of women in their homes was concerned, and their regard for their house-hold duties went, women in India had good reason to congratulate themselves. He incidentally touched the *pardah* question, saying that he did not feel it proper to do away with the *pardah*. It was the expression of this last view which led to a debate. Mr. Justice Amir Ali in speaking on the topic differed from the speaker on more points than one and particularly with regard to the *pardah*. Dr. Zia-ud-Din Ahmed, who spoke next, said he had every sympathy with the desire to spread enlightenment among females in India but would like to see these efforts dissociated from the anti *pardah* movement. He thought the mention of these two things together had always had a very undesirable effect on the cause of education. He advised all friends of the latter cause to refrain from associating the *pardah* question with the problem of female education. He was followed by Professor T. W. Arnold, who said that there was a lamentable lack of moral courage on the part of leading members of the Muhammadan community in their failure to express their real views on this vexed problem. He urged influential people to lay the true theological exposition of the problem before the public. Shaikh Abdul Qadir followed Mr. Arnold to lay before the audience some information on the subject-matter of Mr. Arnold's complaint. He informed his hearers that within his knowledge there had been some remarkable efforts towards the cause of female emancipation on the part of influential Muslims, mentioning by way of instance the valuable book of Maulvi Syed Mumtaz Ali (Rafah-i-Am Press, Lahore) on the rights of women, which gave the theological exposition desired by Mr. Arnold. With a few brief concluding remarks from the chair, the formal debate concluded, but the matter continued to be discussed over the tea. Major-General Dickson, who takes a keen interest in the welfare of the Muhammadans observed that with certain modifications he was in favour of the *pardah* in the East and thought the Muhammadans would regret soon if they ever removed it altogether. Mrs. Theodore Beck contended that the extreme freedom with which women in the West could mix with strangers was undesirable. She had lived long enough in India to feel that the *pardah* was not the unmixed evil that its detractors tried to make it out."

C. & M. Gazette,

NAMES OF FABRICS.

Muslin is named for Mosul, in Asia.

Serge comes from Xerga, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket.

Bandanna is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie.

Calico is named for Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed.

Alpaca is the name of a species of llama from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven.

The name "damask" is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in China.

Velvet is the Italian "vellute," woolly, and is traceable farther back to the Latin vellum, a hide or pelt.

Shawl is from the Sanskrit sala, which means floor, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry.

Cambric comes from Cambrai, gauze from Gaza, baize from Bajac, dimity from Dametta, and jeans from Jean.

Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the fourteenth century. The term "mercerized" comes from a manufacturer named Mercer who invented the process of imparting a silken finish to cotton goods.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

JAP SOLDIERS POSTCARD HOME.

The Japanese Government has found a novel and excellent use for postcards. Realizing that, for various reasons, the soldier on campaign may not have leisure or opportunity to write home to his family, the Military authorities have supplied to each army a sufficient number of postcards, ready printed, to which the soldier has only to affix his name, or more exactly, his seal, each Japanese soldier carrying one with him as part of his outfit.

On all the cards the same message is printed. "This is to let you know that I am alive and well; I cannot give you my address, not knowing where I shall be to-morrow, but your letters will reach me some time or other if you reply to the place the name of which is printed in the postmark, Greetings to my family and friends" This is an idea which might well be copied by other nations. At once practical and humane, it would cost little and save many thousands of people from unnecessary anxiety and pain — Manchester Guardian.

There is a story of an atheist's child who had learned something about God. The father wished to expunge the thought from her mind and he wrote on a piece of paper: "God is nowhere." He asked the child to read the words and she spelled out; "God is now here." The child's unconscious misreading of the atheist's creed startled him and brought him to the feet of the God whose very existence he had sought to deny. Wherever we are, we are in the presence of God.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

RAPHAEL.

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated Biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young, and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life, like many another genius. Once when traveling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally, young Raphael, in desperation, resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table-top in his room a number of gold coins; and, placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and summoned his host.

"There," he exclaimed with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The inn-keeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out, and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered only painting knew no bounds, until a wealthy English traveler, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him fifty pounds (equal to \$250 of our money) for the table. Thus he received far "more than enough" to settle the account—Harper's.

An Ancient Schoolhouse.

A special cable from Berlin states that a German priest named Vincent Schell, making excavations in an ancient Babylonian city, has unearthed a school just as it was four thousand years ago, in the time of King Hammurabi. It is a small house of sunburned brick, and stands in the midst of the most populous district of the city of Seapur, just opposite the great temple. It has many inscribed bricks, from the cuneiform inscriptions on which Father Schell has reconstructed the life of an ancient Babylonian school. One brick says: "He who learns to write well in the school will shine as the sun."

There were seven small rooms in the school, each with its various kinds of brick. In one room were found bricks with grammatical exercises. The scholars evidently sat on the ground in rows with soft clay bricks in their hands, painfully forming the hard cuneiform letters. Father Schell says the thumb marks of the teachers are to be detected where he smudged over the scholars' mistakes.

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